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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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Pancho and the Longhorn

By Herbert Coolidge

My father was an Englishman who came to California during the gold-rush of '49. My mother belonged to one of the old Spanish families of Santa Barbara. They named me Francisco, but when I had grown up and was riding the range the vaqueros called me Pancho, which is the Spanish for Frankie, or little Frank. That was their way of smiling at my great size. Yes, before I was twenty-one they said of me, "He's as big as a bear," meaning a grizzly bear. I was strong too. There was one time, when I was head vaquero on Rancho El Turo, when I needed every ounce of strength I had. That was the day I had to fight a big, slab-sided range cow that we called Mooney.

We called this cow Mooney because she was always mooing off by herself. The vaqueros said that she was looking for a place where there was nothing to eat, or some hole to fall into. When she got into trouble and a vaquero tried to help her out, she would do her best to kill him. But of course all range cattle, and especially the old longhorns, are like that. If they are sick or cast or mired, they think that they are about to be devoured by wild animals. When you help them to their feet they will charge you, even though it is with their last breath. Mooney was especially bad; she would charge a man even when he was mounted.

I was riding out from the corral one forenoon when I saw Mooney down on the flat a little way below the ranch house. She had a month-old calf with her. The calf was a husky youngster, and white like his mother. Mrs. Morse, my employer's wife, was out in the yard. I heard her say to her six-year-old son: "See the dear little white calf. Isn't she sweet?" I said to myself: "I'll start said dear little sweet calf back for the high peaks, because his sour old mother might get into some kind of an argument with Mrs. Morse." I thought maybe Mrs. Morse would want the children to play with Mooney's calf.

You see, Mrs. Morse was peculiar. She was just out from New York City, where she had lived all her life, but she knew all about chasing cows and everything. You had to let her tell you or pack your saddle back to town. Her husband was a large, determined-looking man, but she bossed him too. They were rich folks; I guess they were ranching for fun. I dropped in behind Mooney and her calf and was herding them on off the flat when I heard Mrs. Morse calling, "Pancho! what are you doing? I say, Pancho what are you doing?"

I loped back to the ranch house and tried to explain that Mooney was a dangerous character. But Mrs. Morse said: "Nonsense! It's a great pity you can't find something more important to do than to chase that poor old white cow and her dear little calf out into those dry mountains where there's nothing to eat."

"Yes, ma'am," said I, and off I went. I knew better than to argue with Mrs. Morse.

I got out of sight in the brush as soon as I could. But I had an uneasy feeling and scouted round for a while looking over some cows that were feeding among the live oaks. About half an hour later I heard a calf go *baw-aw-aw-aw*. It came from the flat below the house; I rode as fast as I could in that direction. When I came out in the open I saw Mooney racing round a fenced-in bog hole. This bog hole was right beside a steep bank. It was fenced on the lower side to keep the cattle out, but not on top of the bank. I figured that Mooney had been fooling round above this place, and that Mooney the Second had lost his footing and slid down into the mud and water and bulrushes.

I knew exactly what to do so far as the cow and calf were concerned. But Mrs. Morse was still out in the yard, and she began calling, "Pancho! What are you doing?" and so on. Not wanting the calf to drown while I was arguing with the *patrona*, I pretended not to hear her.

I knew, of course, that the first thing to do was to tie Madame Mooney to a fence post. That way I could fish the calf out without being

gored. So I dropped my noose over her horns. She charged me the moment the noose tightened. But that was all right; sometimes that is the only way you can lead a mean cow. I just reined my horse over and rode alongside the fence. When Mooney was following straight behind me I flipped the slack of my reata over a fence post. I let my horse go a few inches farther; then, "keeping my dally tight on the saddle horn, I set my mount up.

It had to be a mighty quick stop all round, and Mooney was one mad cow when she was snubbed back by the post. As I made my end of the rope fast to another fence post she began to thrash about and bawl, making a great fuss. All this time I was careful not to look toward the house, because I kept hearing from that direction, "Pancho! what are you doing?" "The calf! Pancho! Save the calf!" and so on. I felt like mind-ling. I can tell you, because Mrs. Morse was full of that power which makes folks want to mind. But I knew that nothing would make her understand, and I didn't want her to. I was too much worried to think; otherwise I should have had sense enough to tie Mooney more securely to the fence. For I knew that a reata, being made of rawhide, sometime burns when it is snubbed on a post, and that where it burns it is liable to break.

I took my horse-hair tie-rope down from the horn of my saddle, being careful to keep my back toward the ranch house. Then, as I started with my tie-rope for the bog hole, I suddenly realized that the voice behind me was getting louder. I looked round mighty quick then. And there was Mrs. Morse, trotting as fast as she could across the flat—a tall, fine-looking woman but badly hampered by her long skirts. Her children, baby Nora and Roy, were coming too. I stood there like a big dummy, wondering what in the world to do. I remember breaking into a sweat, as a horse does when he is badly scared. But I came to life in a second or two, and I shouted as loud as I could:

"You go back to the house and take those children with you. If that crazy cow gets loose, she'll kill you sure."

Did Mrs. Morse go back? She kept coming faster! Roy was keeping right alongside of her. Baby Nora had stopped on the bank of a deep, narrow drain ditch that crossed the flat and began screaming because she couldn't get across.

I started back toward Mooney, intending to put my horse-hair rope on her so that she couldn't possibly break loose; then my reata parted. Mooney was thin, but bigger and stronger than she looked. She was too much for a reata that had been burned on a fence post. She must have been making a lunge in the direction of the house when the reata broke, because she headed straight for Mrs. Morse, who had on a red sweater.

Mrs. Morse's only thought then was for the baby. She gathered up her skirts in one hand and ran. She must have thought that little Roy could run as fast as she could, because she left him to shift for himself. The poor youngster did his little best, but he couldn't keep up with his mother now.

When Mrs. Morse reached the drain ditch where baby Nora had stopped she leaped across, grabbed up her child and ran on. Roy was terribly scared by the cow. He was looking back over his shoulder at her, and he blundered right into the ditch. It was about three feet deep, filled to the top with water weeds, and had soft black mud in the bottom. All this was very lucky for the boy, because he got tangled up in the weeds and mud and stayed out of sight until the cow had passed him.

Mrs. Morse, with baby Nora under one arm, was running straight for the house. She ran very fast, too, holding her skirts with her free hand. She didn't scream—not a sound. She just ran. She didn't even look around. She ran for the open gate and the open door of the old adobe ranch house.

Mooney had almost caught up with Mrs. Morse and baby Nora when they

reached the garden gate. She had her horns cocked for the final charge. But with the white cow's horns just behind her Mrs. Morse darted in through the open doorway.

Mooney's feet slid in all directions the moment she hit the smooth floor of the porch. Down she went with a crazy *baw-aw-aw-aw*. She landed in a sprawl and slid clear into the front hall through the open door. She made a terrible bellowing, clattering with her hoofs and bumping against the walls, as she tried to regain her feet. Mrs. Morse, who as I learned later, was now behind a locked door in a bedroom, thought that the cow was trying to tear the house down to get at her.

A smooth floor makes very poor footing for a hooved animal. But Mooney got up somehow, and all too soon for me and Roy. She came, sprawling and floundering, out through the door again. All this time the calf was bawling like a good fellow, I judged he had landed astride of the bulrushes. He wasn't being drowned, that was certain.

Mooney saw me the moment she got out of the house, because I was directly between her and her bawling calf. I had Roy under my arm and had started for the fence. But when I saw the longhorn heading for me I knew that she could catch me before I got half way to the wires. So I whirled round and ran back to the drain ditch.

Old Mooney was making the dust fly. She was flourishing those long white horns of hers and acting about as crazy as a range cow ever gets. I put Roy down on the ground. I kept his back turned to the cow so that he wouldn't see her. I took him by the shoulders and made him stand on his two feet, so he would quit crying. Then I gave him a little shake, just enough to get his attention.

"Now look here," I said. "We're in trouble, and you must do your part. You must get down in that narrow ditch and stay there in the weeds and not make a sound while I fight the cow. Will you do that?" He looked right up at me, shaking his head forward to say yes and choking back his crying. "All right," I said. "That's a promise. Just crawl down there into the weeds and the cow will never see you." I spoke in a slow, sure way as though there were nothing to fear and as if he were a big boy who could easily understand.

The moment I had Roy under cover I ran down the ditch. I had time to go about a hundred feet before turning to meet the cow's charge. The drain ditch was wider there and not so deep. I figured that the jump across the ditch would bother Mooney and give me a better chance to dodge her.

The best bullfighter in the world wouldn't start a fuss with a "bronco cow." Whereas a bull closes his eyes when he charges, a cow keeps her eyes wide open. I wanted mightily to get down into the ditch myself, but I knew she would come floundering in on top of me and crush me down into the mud.

Mooney came at me like a whirlwind. When she was just across the ditch from me, I threw my arm in her face and jumped aside. But that great cat of a cow reached out a horn as she passed and gave me a prod in the fleshy part of the leg. It knocked me over and shoved me along for a few feet. But I gave a big flop and came up with a bounce. My leg felt numb and dragged a little, but I hardly realized that she had hooked me. Before she could stop and wheel round to get on top of me with her horns, I was back on the other side of the ditch. I now noticed where the soft bank had caved a little under one of her feet, and I knew that this had slowed her down a little, just enough to save me. So I saw that the dodging game was no good, not with crazy Mooney.

My hat was lying where it had fallen, and I had it in my hand when the cow again came charging. This time, just as I buried the hat, I feinted a dodge to the left; then, as the hat flapped her square in the face I dodged to the right. This time I fooled her—it gave me my opening, a chance to take a chance. In the moment that those long white horns

of hers were going by me I fell for them from behind. I fell fast and hard, and I knew just where to grab her. The next moment there I was, with my right elbow hooked over her neck, my right handhold on the base of her right horn, and my left handhold out midway on her left horn. It was about the same grip that a cowboy bulldogger takes nowadays at the rodeos when he wrestles a steer to the ground. But they always are bulldog steers. Cows are too quick and too catty.

Mooney could not run with me hanging on her head. And she couldn't hook me because I was behind her horns. But she could wheel this way and that, and she could thrash her head from side to side. She was crazy mad from the smell of blood from my leg. I clung there, keeping my feet out forward so that she could not trample me beneath her.

In almost no time my breath was coming in gasps and the sweat was pouring out all over me. My leg for the size of its wound, was bleeding freely. The cow was getting crazier and crazier, and I was getting weaker and weaker.

In my desperation I thought of the ditch. Up to this time I had just been hanging on. But now I began to fight for my life with all the strength that was left me. I knew that the ditch had a miry bottom and that the banks were steep and soft. If I could wrestle her into that place I would have her where she couldn't hurt the little boy. I knew that there was danger of my being crushed against the bank or smothered in the mud, but there was nothing else for it; I had to take a chance.

I soon found that I couldn't wrestle the cow in the direction that I wanted her to go. Put, by using all my strength, I could block her when she moved away from the ditch. So every time her flouncing took her towards the ditch I helped her—I would shove then till my joints and muscles popped.

I was about twenty feet from the ditch when I began this game. It took me forever to get close to the bank; at least so I thought. Twice a black curtain seemed to spread down over my eyes, and I held on in the darkness waiting for light to come again.

At last, on the very edge of the ditch, I thought that I could not hold out one second longer. Then just as the black curtain began to come again, I felt that the bank under the cow's right hoof was caving. And all of a sudden the power to lift rose high in me—it made me warm and strong all over. And I gave Mooney a great shove. She staggered, resisted me a moment, then down we went. She slid in feet first and sank deep into the mud, as far as the bulk of her body would let her. I was wedged in between her neck and the bank. She would have crushed me if she had struggled; but between being mired in the mud and wedged between the banks she could hardly wriggle. Everything turned black for me then, and I wilted.

The next thing I knew they were digging us out. Mrs. Morse's husband and two vaqueros were working. But Mrs. Morse wasn't there telling them just what to do and just how to do it! No, she was in the house.

I heard a weary little *baw-aw* rising up from the bog hole, and I thought, Mooney Number Two is like myself, kind of tired; but he's still got his nose above the mud. Yes, my leg got well all right. And with melting like a king in the best bedroom of the ranch house.

Protestant-Episcopal Mission

Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 816 E. Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, 4 and 3d Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 p.m.
Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel Sunday, 11 a.m. Bible Class, other Sun days, 11 a.m.
Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church Services fourth Sunday, 3 p.m.
Burg, Norfolk, Danville, Roanoke, Newburg and Beverly Streets. Services Second and Fourth Sundays.—Virginia: Lynchport News and Staunton; West Virginia: Diocese of Washington and the State of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Charleston, Huntington, Roanoke.

SEATTLE

The P. S. A. D. Washington Birthday party this year had an attendance of over 60. It was held at Plymouth House on the 25th, and Tom Bradshaw proved himself an efficient and pleasant chairman, with all arrangements carefully planned in advance. It was particularly pleasant to see such a large number of young people turn out, and to meet again some who had been absent from our gatherings for a long time. Among the latter were the Rex Olivers and Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, all from Everett. The latter were brought to the party by their son and daughter.

The "500" tables took up most of the time for the evening, and Mrs. Vera Cookson and Mr. Harry Landervon won first prizes. Refreshments were on sale and proceeds from that and the admission fee of 20 cents per person yielded quite a sum for the P. S. A. D. treasury.

The guild party on the 8th had a very welcome visitor in Miss Alice Wilberg. This young lady works two shifts in the twenty-four hours, and throws in a couple of hours for good measure, so her friends do not often see her. She is forewoman at the bakery where she works. Mrs. Vera Cookson also showed up at the party, bringing her wee new daughter for the inspection of her friends, who voted her a prize baby for beauty and good humor. Another little daughter accompanied Mrs. Cookson. The latter was too busy to play cards. So Mrs. Hanson was her proxy, and won the prize for her. Mr. Bradshaw won the men's prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw entertained at a charming valentine party on the 15th. It took place at the home of Mrs. Bradshaw's brother, and Mr. and Mrs. Garden helped wholeheartedly in entertaining the guests. After a couple of hours at "500", at which first prizes were won by Miss Sink and Mr. Root, and consolation prizes by Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, a dainty supper was served at the beautifully decorated dining-table. Those present were Miss Nation, Miss Sink, Mrs. Bertram, the Partridges, Wrights, Roots, and Hansons.

The surviving sisters and brothers of Mr. Rod Campbell were greatly surprised and shocked at his death recently, and have been writing their brother's friends here for every possible detail of his last illness and his passing. In his letters to them he had always said he was well, probably to avoid alarming them.

The Friendly Club met with Mrs. Hanson last Wednesday, and the next rendezvous will be with Mrs. Pauline Gustin on Thursday.

Miss Doris Nation had a delightful week's visit with the Belsers in Wenatchee, even though most of the visiting had to be done indoors owing to the cold. Doris reports the little Belser son and heir, George, to be a healthy and good natured baby, and Mrs. Belser a very busy little mother. While Doris was in Wenatchee Mrs. Belsers' half brother arrived on a business trip from Baltimore and made the acquaintance of his little nephew.

On February 16, Clarence Thomas was cleaning the snow from the ammonia pipes at the ice-plant where he is employed, when one of the pipes exploded, and ammonia was showered over Clarence's face and clothes. He instinctively held his breath to avoid inhaling the fumes, but was blinded and in great pain. His boss rushed him to a doctor in his car, and Clarence had to wear a bandage over his eyes for a couple of days. He was then able to go back to work, and is now quite recovered from his unpleasant accident.

Arvid Rudnick is now located on a small ranch of six acres at Port Orchard, and is working there for his room and board. His boss, Mr. Davis, is employed at the Navy Yard, and Mr. Holcombe knows him well. Arvid is pleasantly situated and is making good at his job. He was looking well and happy at the Washington Birthday party.

Miss Eva Hoganson has a new dog, a young police dog eight months old, and she is very fond of her awkward gambolling pet. Eva

tells us she is going back to Spokane soon, and we are sorry to hear it, and shall miss her lively presence at our parties.

When Bishop Perry was in Seattle last Friday enroute to the Orient to look over the missionary field, he was much fêted here, for we were all pleased that he sailed from here instead of selecting a more Southern port. Bishop Huston gave a luncheon at the College Club, at which all the local clergy were enabled to meet the honored guest, and in the afternoon a large reception was held at Trinity parish house in honor of Mrs. Perry.

In the evening there was a service at St. Mark's, which was crowded. The choirs of several churches made an imposing procession, each choir preceded by its own cross bearer. There was a pew full of deaf people at this service, and to them Miss Marion Bertram interpreted Bishop Perry's sermon clearly and efficiently. Marion will graduate from the university next June, and has already had an offer of a position.

Alice Hanson is staying at the Panhellenic Hotel and working at Columbia University during her two weeks stay in New York, and has been enjoying seeing some of her friends there. In Chicago she passed in German, and Homer in both German and French, so they feel their time in Europe last summer was well spent.

THE HANSONS.

Feb. 26, 1933.

BOSTON

At the last meeting of the Boston Oral Club, it was planned to carry out their former plan of having their annual banquet on April 22d. It will be held at the Hotel Manger, one of the newly-built hotels in Massachusetts, being centrally located, and more convenient to the members and their friends. After the adjournment of the meeting which was played, and refreshments consisting of light sandwiches, cake, and coffee served.

Miss Ruth Sanger, of Natick, until last year, a pupil of the Clarke school, and now at Natick High School, made an application to become an active member. This will be decided at the next meeting. Those who would like to attend the banquet are requested to write to Mr. Gabriel Pierren, 72 Gardner Street, Allston, Mass., for particulars.

Around twelve tables graced the Washington Eve military whist (B. O. C.), managed by Mrs. M. Kornblum. Attractive prizes were won by the following: first, Mesdames Holman, Hull, Twomey and Weinberg; second, Mrs. L. Clark, Misses Murphy and Smith, and the other name as yet unascertained; third, Mesdames Casteline and Miller, and Misses Spirit and Wilson; fourth, Messrs. Curtis and Hinchley, and Mesdames Gale and Monahan.

After they had supper at their sister's home (Mr. and Mrs. W. Gale) in Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. W. McConchie were persuaded to visit the Herbert Colbys at Medford during the first part of the month. They were wholly surprised when they saw about ten of their friends present. They were presented with a lovely dinner set.

The Ladies' Auxiliary held their meeting at the Danvers Home on the 22d. A social and whist was held in the evening.

The Lynn S. C. were victorious in a pocket-billiard tournament against the Blawhawk Silent A. A. They won by 137 points. They will be awarded a silver loving cup at the N. F. S. D. social on March 4th.

John O'Shea's brother passed away on February 8th.

Mrs. Geo. Hull left for New York City on the 23d, where she will be the guest of her friends for two weeks. Miss Rose Gold gave a birthday party for G. Goldman, at her home, on February 11th, attended by many of the younger set. A good time was had by all. Delicious refreshments were then served.

During the past two weeks, there was a game of "500" at the Miller and Casteline homes. This game is becoming very popular with the Dorchester bridge girls.

Miss Nemo Weiss is spending a few days with her relatives in Worcester.

She returned from New York and New Jersey a couple of weeks ago, before we scribe was the guest of the Ebins for the week. Nemo and her mother will soon break up housekeeping and live with her aunt, since the late Miss Eva Weiss was the main support of the family.

A last reminder:—the H. A. D. Purim party will be held at the Y. M. H. A., 108 Seaver Street, Roxbury, at 6 p.m. on Sunday evening, March 19th. A Dutch supper, games and movies, will be the main attractions.

HENRI.

DETROIT

Mrs. William Behrendt spent several days with her friends in Flint, also she visited her daughter, Louise, who is a pupil in the school for the deaf.

The Detroit Chapter, Michigan Association of the Deaf, gave a St. Valentine masquerade social at the G. A. R. Building, on February 11th. It was a very good success. Mr. T. Darling was the general chairman. Mr. Stustman won the first prize, and those who were dressed up got cash prizes from \$1.50 to 25c. Mr. Frank Riley guessed the right six numbers, and got a prize. Mr. Halsey Day won \$1.00 as door prize. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Frances McSparrin got up a St. Valentine social at St. John's Parish House, on February 10th. It was a very good success in spite of zero weather.

Mr. Rudolph Huhn's sister, who lived in Ann Arbor, Mich., all of her life, died in Ann Arbor Hospital after a truck knocked her and her friend down. She had her leg amputated, but in several hours she died. She leaves her husband, who is the Department of Welfare supervisor in Ann Arbor, three brothers and one sister.

On February 18th, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bristol, of Flint, were in our city, and Mr. Bristol, well-known as a good lecturer, gave a lecture about "Why do we pay the government taxes?" He gave a good talk. Three young ladies gave pirate dances and a sailor's style dance. Messrs. Stustman, Riley and Buby gave a dialogue. It was a good treat given by the Cadillac Association of the Deaf.

Mrs. C. C. Colby, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her daughter, Violet, and her friends. Many of her friends were surprised to see her when she came to our church last Sunday.

William Charles Ryan, youngest son of Mrs. Irma Ryan, brother of Fred, Crosby and Cora, died in Ann Arbor Hospital, on February 17th, of heart ailment. On Monday afternoon he was buried at Woodmere Cemetery. Rev. Woodroffe and Rev. Waters officiated the services. Beautiful flower florals were given by relatives, school students, club and church members.

The deaf of this city were terribly shocked when the sad news came of the death of our esteemed friend, Mr. John A. Braithwaite, of Windsor, who passed away rather suddenly on February 7th, following a serious operation at the Windsor Hospital, and was buried at Chatham on February 10th. He gave many Biblical lesson services at the Baptist Church on Woodward Avenue. The bereaved ones have our sympathy.

Miss Gladys Isanhart has returned from her home from Cadillac, Mich. She got a ride with her friend in a truck for 200 miles. She is staying at the Y. W. C. A.

A Keno social was given by the Ladies League of St. John's Mission at St. John's Parish House. The winners brought home vegetables, canned goods, fruit and baked goods. Mrs. Edmond Bourlier arranged the events. Silent Rattan of El Paso, Texas, won his second wrestling bout last Monday at Arena Hall. He was a visitor at the both clubs last Saturday, February 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Buby and child-Groose Isle, were the guests of their friends in the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Buby and child-dren were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Heilers two weeks ago.

Mrs. L. MAY

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NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1933

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York School for the Deaf, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nearer the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base.
Whose love of right is for themselves.
And not for all the race."

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The Handicap of Deafness

Deputy Fire Chief Thomas J. Ahearn, who died recently, was one of the department's greatest heroes. In one of his daring but unsung deeds, his men found him unconscious and uniform afire. After several months in the hospital, he recovered but with hearing impaired. "The bravest of the brave," six times on the honor roll for heroism, a life of usefulness in a particular line was ended. The deafness forced his retirement.

The handicap of deafness is universal. In a sense, the unsung heroes are the graduates of our schools for the deaf, who go forth to meet a world full of obstacles and conquer them. Their first setback comes when they find so many avenues of profitable employment closed to them because hearing is essential.

Their narrowed field of endeavor is made more difficult by State liability laws, which cause employers to discriminate against them. Up to a few years ago even the Government debarred them from Civil Service positions, until representatives of their National Association of the Deaf met the President of the United States in person and so convinced him of the injustice, that the rule was modified to permit their acceptance where hearing is not absolutely necessary.

In spite of these, the majority of the deaf manage to filter into good positions, where they equal, if not excel, the workmanship of their more fortunate fellowmen, to whom hearing is merely a matter of course.

Not alone in business life, but also in a social way, are the deaf check-mated. Fraternal orders and insurance companies discriminated against them, so they established a national fraternal organization of their own, meeting all the legal requirements of the various States of the Union, and to date have accumulated assets of over a million and a half dollars.

They intermingle and marry in spite of sociologists and statisticians who predict disastrous offspring, begetting children of perfectly normal qualities, and rearing them to maturity, to become lawyers and judges, bankers and brokers, school heads and other professional careers, and indirectly compensate the various States for the appropriations toward their special education.

They prosper and buy automobiles, and because of their deafness are extra careful, but unthinking State officials try to enact laws prohibiting them from driving—which have been successfully combated by the deaf and their friends.

They contribute to emergency relief funds to assist the unemployed and those in distress on account of these present unsettled times, and find that others of their kind are refused relief

aid on some technicality that they belong to the Bureau for the Handicapped.

On the whole, the deaf as a class, are resolute and a happy lot. They rise above their deafness and find it possible to enjoy life. They have social clubs and athletic associations, they have private parties and exchange visits. They even take care of their aged and infirm, and build homes for them.

They band together under the religions of their forefathers and maintain churches and temples of their own, and give thanks for the blessings bestowed on them.

And through it all, they keep ever in reverence the memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the man whose broad vision and philanthropic heart engendered the education of the deaf in this country—a movement of such importance that last month a commission of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education placed the name of our benefactor among the ten persons it considered outstanding in the development of American education.

IN DIXIELAND

Great enthusiasm and interest marked the occasion of the organization of the Atlanta Circle, Dixie Home for the Aged, the first group of D. A. D. members to organize solely to lend encouragement and render aid to the splendid work now being carried on at Moultrie, Fla., for our aged and infirm deaf. The Circle will include both deaf and hearing, all money raised through dues and entertainments of various kinds will be used for the maintenance of the Home. The Circle began with fifteen active and two associate members, and quite a number of others who were not able to be present at the first meeting have expressed their desire to be enrolled.

The Circle will meet twice a month and the dues will be 20 cents per month for the immediate present. Mr. Irlv H. Marceman, one of the Trustees of the Home, was appointed temporary Chairman and gave a most inspiring talk on the Home and what the Circle hoped to accomplish for it through this medium of co-operation and activity. The following officers were elected: Gus G. Weil, President; Albert H. Sessoms, Vice-President; Howard Sturgus, Secretary; Ross A. Johnson, Treasurer.

The President announced with great pleasure his first appointment would be Mrs. Jeff Scott and Miss Morris as Entertainment Committee. These young women will plan the various social activities by which the Circle hope to enrich their treasury. The Circle will meet again on March 4th to complete the organization and plan for a season of real loyalty and work for the Home, which is owned and operated by the Dixie Association of the Deaf.

Mr. Sidney W. King, of Kenbridge, Va., is now located at the Dixie Home in Moultrie, having moved up there from St. Cloud, on March 9th. He will remain at the Home until early summer when he will go north again.

Miss Margaret Magill and mother, our oldest citizens, are moving to Albany, Ga., to reside with a brother of Miss Magill. The move was made necessary on account of the advancing age of Mrs. Magill and her desire to be near her son. Miss Magill will be sadly missed in social and club circles in which she has always been one of the prominent leaders. We are hoping that she will make frequent trips to her old stamping ground here in Atlanta as the distance between the two cities is not very great.

While splitting kindling in his backyard, a piece of the wood flew up and struck Wade H. Davis on the bridge of his nose making quite a serious wound. He was confined to his home under treatment of a physician for two weeks. Last report was that he was improving and would be able to return to his work in another week, if no complications arise.

Miss Margie Weaver entertained the members of the Na'frat Club with a buncó party at her home on Lawton Street, February 18th. Refreshments were served and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all present. Mrs. Marcus Morgan won the prize, a nice box of candy. Howitt Morgan carried off the booby prize.

Joe Todd, a deaf man of this city, met with a bad accident in February by being struck by a switch engine while crossing the railroad tracks. A portion of one heel was torn off and he was otherwise hurt and bruised considerably. He was carried to a local hospital, where he is now undergoing treatment by the railroad physician. This should be a lesson to our deaf to keep off the railroad right of way.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis who moved to Atlanta several months ago from Richmond, Va., have finally found an apartment to suit them, and are now settled down at 166 Ponce de Leon Avenue, where they will be glad to receive their friends.

In future Rev. Robert C. Fletcher will only visit Atlanta every second month. The change was made necessary through insistent demands upon his time by other cities and towns. He has widened his field of activity this year and will visit many places hereafter that were not formerly on his route. Rev. Fletcher is one of the most popular ministers the South has ever had and his presence is in great demand everywhere.

Meager reports drifting in from Richmond, Va., inform us that the banquet given under the auspices of Richmond D. A. D. Chapter on February 28th, was a grand and glorious success, both financially and socially. A large number of out-of-town visitors were present to swell the attendance, among which were the entire North Carolina delegation of tried and true D. A. D. boosters for our home at Moultrie. This bunch are always to be found right behind every good thing that is started for the home.

While St. Cloud, Fla., has no active Chapter at present, the Chapter having become inactive on account of the removal and death of most of its members, Rev. and Mrs. Frank Philpott are not inactive by any means. Like Mrs. Elizabeth Bush, of Richmond, they have carried the Octagon coupon campaign direct to the hearing people and the churches of their city, as shown by the following notice clipped from the regular Sunday, bulletin and program of the Methodist Church in St. Cloud: "A shower of Octagon Soap coupons is being launched in St. Cloud for the Dixie Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Moultrie, Florida. Give your coupons to Mrs. Frank Philpott."

Miss Adelaide Thomas, one of our most popular young girls, and her mother have departed from the city for Baltimore, Md., where they will pay an extended visit to Miss Thomas' sister. We hope that Miss Thomas will not prolong her visit unduly as she is always missed from social affairs here in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Estaban Ward and Mrs. George Haslett have combined in renting a nice house and have moved to 282 Parkway Drive, where they are now at home to their friends.

C. L. J.

Atlanta, Feb. 28, 1933.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By Andy Mack

Following the Kappa Gamma initiation the Senior girls tendered a party in honor of the Senior boys, all of whom are now members of the Fraternity. This party was unusual in that all of the girls and boys are how members of a sorority or fraternity and it was one of the social functions that helps to bring the graduating class into closer bonds ere they graduate.

The party was held in the banquet room in Fowler Hall, with Miss Ruth Remsburg, instructor of domestic science, as chaperone. Games were played and all the good eats rapidly disappeared from sight. The boys took part in almost everything, except in doing the dishes.

On the last Sunday of the month Mr. Walter J. Krug gave a good lecture in Sunday School on "Courage." With the coming of the first day of March, most of the young men took part in the annual indoor gymnastic meet held in the "Ole Jim." Prizes were awarded and medals will be presented to the winners later on in the chapel. President Percival Hall, Miss Ruth Remsburg and Mr. Walter J. Krug were judges of the meet.

The following were adjudged winners: Setting up exercises—Travis, '34, first; Gambin, '35, second; Kruger, '33, third. Rope climb for speed—Ulmer, '33, first; Stanfill, '36, second. Horse exercises—Larsen, '33, first; Travis, '34, second. Parallel Bars—Larsen, '33, first; Travis, '34, second. Tumbling—Travis, '34, first; Clarke, '36, second.

Since the majority of state institutions do not have physical training of the kind found at Gallaudet, it is fair to say that the above boys learned what they now know on the local campus under the direction of Professor Frederick H. Hughes and his assistant, Harold Larsen, '33. Tumbling, parallel bars, horse exercises and Indian clubs are very beneficial to the deaf in general, who for the most part do not possess very good balance. The five years spent in the "Ole Jim" by a seriously-minded young man has always been found to improve the stance, balance and physical development of the individual.

At last all the rabid fighting, classical arguing and disappointments are over and the Juniors are crowned. Intra-mural basketball champions. When the schedule was completed, three teams were tied for first place, the Seniors, Juniors and Preps. In the first playoff game the Preps defeated the Seniors and in the final game the Juniors outmanoeuv-

ed the Preps to win a warmly contested game by a 7 to 5 score. The Juniors made five points from free throws alone while Bob Travis clinched the game with a long basket from the mid-floor. The winners will receive no trophy, except the right to swell their chests like champions.

In the annual traditional basketball game between the Preps and Frosh, the Preps carried off the bacon by a 14 to 11 score. Running up a 10 to 4 score at the half, the Preps rested during the latter stages of the conflict and the Frosh almost caught up as the whistle ended the game. All money collected will go to swell the Endowment Fund of the Athletic Association.

Kendall School took part in the Eastern States Basketball Tournament held at Pittsburgh, and out of the ten schools entered, carried off fifth place. Kendall has the smallest enrollment of any tournament entry and its team finished a good season. Signal honors, however, went to Kendall when it placed George Watson on the first all-tournament team as a guard, and when Moore, a little forward, with a smile as large as a barn door was awarded the good sportsman prize, a mounted statuette of a basketball player in action. While Moore has his trophy to commemorate his achievement, tournament fans will never forget the little boy who only smiled at the referee when punished for committing an infraction of the rules.

Friday night the O. W. L. S. of Fowler Hall had a warm time hooting under the eaves of the roof. Beneath the rafters of Fowler Hall, it has a flat roof too, the O. W. L. S. enjoy themselves playing cards and in having piping hot cats, but when the lights go out there are always the friendly stars overhead to keep them company.

March 3d, John Hopkins University from Baltimore took it's wrestlers to Kendall Green and before they were dressed to go home again had won all seven matches by a score of 28 to 0. Gallaudet's winning punch, displayed frequently last year, was lacking on this night when the season ended. Trying hard, Gallaudet's gladiators were not smart enough to take the measure of Hopkin's more experienced grapplers. The Blue Jays enjoyed themselves immensely at the expense of the Kendall Greeners. Two of the toughest matches were those of Grabill and Sollenberger.

Both of the local boys almost had their man, but the wily and wiry visitors slipped out of finishing holds on numerous occasions. All of the Kendall Greeners stood up well, but lacked polish and knowledge of the science of the game.

Since this was the final match of the year, this is the time and place to say a few words to the boys of the wrestling squad, who without thoughts of personal glory, went through a rigid routine under student Coach Earl Sollenberger. All of these boys who followed training rules are today without exception healthier specimens of humanity than they were before taking up wrestling. Their biceps are larger, their cheeks have a rosier hue and their stamina is much greater.

After the wrestling matches a game of basketball was played by two outside teams from the 260th Coast Artillery and the U. S. S. Cayuga. This game of Army vs. Navy was the most comical game seen in the "Ole Jim" in years. Being neutral, the Gallaudet boys laughed to their hearts' content. Finally Navy, with sea legs and all, won by a score of 19 to 15. Starting off the farce game, both teams were in dire need of practice, but the Gobs were a trifle more steady in their aim for the hoop.

Saturday, March 4th will go down as a red-letter day in the memories of Gallaudet undergraduates. Starting early in the morning until a late hour, the capital city was all set for the first inauguration of a democratic president since Woodrow Wilson took office. All of the boys and girls were on hand to see the new president sworn in and deliver his first speech.

Afterwards the parade down the Avenue lasted four hours and about 18,000 took part in it. This was the last March 4th inauguration, and the day was cold, hovering around a temperature of 40 degree. What the temperature will be in future inaugurations, which will take place in January, cannot be predicted, except to that January is a cold month in Washington. The undergraduates enjoyed a lunch off the campus, but arrived home in time for supper, after which many went down to the Washington Monument grounds to see the fireworks display. When the moon was high overhead every one went to bed, tired but yet happy, for hadn't they seen President Roosevelt take office.

Among the visitors on the campus during the week was Al Bloom, of New York City, a post graduate student at Columbia University. An odd visitor on the campus was an Austin coach owned by Mr. Arthur Starr, N'31, now teaching at Lexington Ave., New York. Mr. Starr drove the little car from New York to take in the inauguration program in company of Mr. Cargill, coach at the same institution.

One day last week, the boys' dining room was thrown into uproar when a member of the Senior Class received a beautiful picture of his lady love with

thirteen cents postage due. No one had ever dreamed that this lad was a heartbreaker, but when he had to pay his own postage for the photo, every one had to smile at his fortune.

Under the leadership of Heimo Antila, '34, the boys are already planning their spring camping trip. This year the camp site probably will be the Boy Scouts camp, about thirty-five miles from the campus. Gone are the days when horse rigs carried the truck over the Potomac Canal road to Cabin John, from where the boys had to carry it seven miles to Great Falls of the Potomac on the Maryland side. No more ladies' day, no more blisters and backaches, no more skinned knees from scrambling on the rocks—nothing, but serenity will prevail this year if the boys can hire a good colored cook to fill their tummies. To take advantage of the spring weather this year, the camping period will start in the last week of April.

The Annual Kappa Gamma banquet will be held at the Grace Dodge Hotel, near the Union Station, Saturday night, March 11th. Alumni brothers are requested to get in touch with the Shrine as soon as possible for reservations. Plates are two dollars each and a good program has been arranged. Besides talks, announcements and communications, there will be a fine motion-picture show and a grand get-together is assured all.

On Friday night, March 10th, the Literary Society meeting will have Mr. J. A. Sullivan, '17, from the American School, as Alumnus speaker. Mr. Sullivan is well known for his wit, and his lecture is the only number on the program on this evening. The program will start at eight o'clock.

Friday, March 17th, the girls' annual indoor gymnastic meet will take place in the "Ole Jim."

What to do with Money

Uncertainty is one of the penalties of progress. Every progressive country is a country of many and rapid changes, and every change is likely to affect some one's well-being either for good or for ill. A change may be called progressive if it helps more people than it hurts, but it is likely to hurt some—at least temporarily. That kind of uncertainty cannot be avoided unless we are willing to stop all change unless we are willing to stop all change. Aside from the uncertainties that result from social and economic change there are the uncertainties that attend life itself. Accident, sickness and death are likely to come to any family. One of the great problems, therefore, for every economist is to guard against those uncertainties. The enormous growth of insurance companies of various kinds is a sign of the interest that people take in safeguarding themselves against uncertainty. The growth of savings banks is another sign, hardly less significant.

In planning for the future the wise man will consider at least three classes of uncertainty and adopt a different safeguard against each one of them. For special emergencies, such as sickness or temporary loss of employment, there is probably nothing that goes so directly to the spot as a savings account. It supplies a fund of cash for immediate use to tide over the emergency.

After a man's savings have provided reasonable safety against that kind of uncertainty, he should next begin to think of more remote and at the same time more serious misfortunes, such as permanent disability, old age and death. Accident insurance, old-age insurance and life insurance furnish the best safeguards against those dangers. After he has made reasonable provision for them, the next interest should be in permanent income-bearing investments. They not only furnish additional safety beyond that given in the above-mentioned provisions, but they tend to build up an estate, which should be the accompaniment of family building. In fact, the family and the estate have always been associated by the progressive people in progressive communities. But in planning for permanent investments the first consideration should be safety rather than a high rate of interest.

Buying a house, or a farm or a shop, if the person in question knows how to run a farm or a shop, provides the maximum of safety. For those who cannot do that, bonds of national, state or municipal governments or the bonds of a well-established and conservatively managed business corporation furnish the maximum of safety. If your accumulation is not sufficient to provide reasonable safety not only for you yourself, but for the future needs of your family, you may properly use any surplus in some more hazardous enterprises. If no one ever invested in a new and untried enterprise, no such enterprises would ever be started; but such investments are for those who have money enough to be able to bear a loss without serious embarrassment. Until a man has a sufficient savings account, sufficient insurance of all kinds and sufficient funds in safe investments to insure himself and his family against need, he should avoid new and hazardous enterprises.—Ex.

We wonder how many adults undertake their problem with the same determination, energy, and concentration with which the child approaches his arithmetic problem.—Palmetto Leaf

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH NOTES

The Men's Club of St. Ann's exhibited moving pictures on Tuesday evening, February 28th, for the benefit of the N. A. D. Convention Fund. The feature shown was "The Laughing Man." A good-sized crowd was present. Before the performance began, a local corporation displayed its hearing apparatus, with explanation of the principle of hearing by bone conduction. Miss P. R. Dix and several assistants tried the instruments on all of the deaf who cared to be experimented upon.

The Rev. George Almo, intrepid Swedish missionary to the deaf, reached New York again, after a circuit of the South and the Middle West. He has received an extension of stay in the United States, and is anxious to add further to his observations of the religious and educational work among the deaf in America. He addressed the congregation of St. Ann's Church on Friday evening, March 3d, after the Lenten service; outlining his travels since October and his visits to the various institutions to the deaf.

He has improved greatly in his handling of the sign language, and much interest was evinced in his narrative. He gave the most humorous account of the game of football, as played by the Americans. Bernard Shaw or John Mansfield could not have done it better. On Sunday, March 5th, he preached the sermon at the morning and afternoon services at St. Ann's Church, and acquitted himself very well as a preacher.

Mr. Victor Skyberg, Superintendent of the New York School for the Deaf, was the main speaker at the Literary of the V. B. G. A. in St. Ann's Guild House on Saturday evening, February 25th. His subject was a very interesting and instructive one: "The Land of the Midnight Sun," embracing the history, geography, archaeology, mythology, and folklore of Norway. His lecture was followed by a short story by Mr. John N. Funk. The proceeds of the entertainment went to the N. A. D. Convention Fund.

Lenten services are held at St. Ann's Church every Friday evening at 8:15. The subject of the Vicar's address on Friday, March 10th, will be: "The Five Books of Moses," in a series on the history and literary characteristics of the books of the Old Testament. On Sunday, March 12th, the church services will be conducted by a lay-reader, as the Rev. G. C. Braddock and the choir of St. Ann's have been invited to visit All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, on that Sunday.

B. H. S. D.

On the third of March, Friday evening, there was held a service at the temple of the Hebrew Society of the Deaf. Rabbi A. Landesman, the superintendent of the Hebrew Educational Society, delivered a lecture about "Our Rabbi," which was a very interesting one.

On Sunday, March 12th, there will be held the regular monthly meeting of the Society, at the building of the Hebrew Educational Society, at 3 P.M. After the meeting, in the evening, there will be a movie show, entitled "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," and also other pictures.

This coming Friday evening's service will be by Rabbi-Marcus Kramer, from Congregation Adolph Kodish, Wilmington, Del.

H. A. D.

None of those who attended the Friday Evening Forum on the 3d yielded to the temptation of "stealing a wink," for the address on this occasion was the "mystery of sleep," by Dr. Thomas F. Fox.

This Friday evening, the 10th, a group of children from the Religious Class of Fanwood will render a Purim play immediately after the regular services. All are welcome.

A regular movie show was screened last Sunday evening, the 5th. The next show takes place on Wednesday evening, March 15th.

Last week Abe Stein was employed in the newly-erected eye and ear building of the Medical Centre, situated at the corner of 165th Street and Fort Washington Avenue. On the fourth floor, babies' department, some fine painting, done on Belgian tapestry, had to be fastened on its walls. Abe's brother, a contractor, who is familiar with this kind of work, got the contract, and Abe and his other brother did the work.

Miss Honora Kenealy, a product of St. Mary's School for the Deaf, Dublin, Ireland, died March 2d, at St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, West 15th Street, New York City. During her illness she was attended by Father Purcell, S.J. Miss Kenealy was an aunt of Mrs. O. Blanchard, nee Kenealy, of Los Angeles, Cal.

On Sunday afternoon, March 5th, a surprise party was given by Mrs. H. Thur, in honor of her niece, Miss Rose Coplowitz, who is to be married to Mr. Israel Liebman on March 12th. Miss Coplowitz is a former Fanwood pupil, and Mr. Liebman is a graduate of the Lexington school. Miss Coplowitz received a great many presents, which were mostly for housekeeping. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. L. Bayarsky, Mr. and Mrs. I. Blumenthal, Mr. and Mrs. I. Goldberg, and Misses Florence Kaiser, Fay Rudman, Ethel Dorfman, Ethel Rothstein, Etta Chamberlin, and Messrs. James Ripp, Frank Cook, Harry Nuremberg, Ellis Sandler and Sam Liebman—and a plenty of Rose's relatives.

Charles Mueller for years has been a "died-in-the-wool baseball fan," until a week ago. A friend who had two passes to a wrestling match invited him to see the wrasslers perform, and now he is intensely interested in the sport too. And last week he went to see the bike race at Madison Square Garden, and ever since has been telling the boys how exciting six-day bicycle races are.

Miss Celia Jacobs and Mr. Aaron Halpern were united in marriage on Saturday evening, March 4th, 1933, at the Casa D'Amor, West 31st Street and Mermaid Avenue, Coney Island. Besides their relatives, about twenty of their silent friends were present at the ceremony.

On Saturday, March 4th, Mr. Moses W. Loew and his daughter, Gedelle, moved to this city from Radburn, N. J., where they had resided nearly three years. Mr. Merten Moses, the brother-in-law of Mr. Moses W. Loew, now lives with them.

On Wednesday evening, March 1st, the Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., held its regular business meeting in the Union League Hall. The Division is looking forward for a prosperous year during 1933.

Messrs. Abe H. Stern and William A. Belencke, of Flint, Mich., were in New York on Sunday, March 5th.

Calman Davis is now basking in the sunshine in Florida, and writes that he wishes the boys were there with him.

Ten Outstanding Educators Named by National Body

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Feb. 29.—A Commission of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association named ten persons it considered outstanding in the development of American education. Living leaders were not considered. Those named were:—

William T. Harris who helped establish in St. Louis the first permanent public kindergarten; Thomas H. Gallaudet, founder of the first school for the deaf at Hartford, Conn.; Horace Mann, pioneer in behalf of universal education; Emma Hart Willard, leader in behalf of education for women; Henry Barnard, early organizer of state public schools; Francis Parker, exponent of democracy in the school; James M. Greenwood, Kansas City, Mo., superintendent forty years; Booker T. Washington, Negro; William H. Maxwell, first superintendent of schools for Greater New York, and Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University forty years.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. Herbert Merrill, of Syracuse, N. Y., held the monthly service at the Protestant-Episcopal Church Parish House on North Street, Sunday, March 3d. Rev. Merrill gave a most interesting and helpful sermon with Holy Communion.

There was a surprisingly good attendance. The next service will be held Sunday, April 9th, at 7:30 P.M., to which everybody is welcome. A good attendance is hoped for again, especially during Lent.

The N. F. S. D., under the management of Mr. Russell Martani, held a very interesting and enjoyable social at the Elmwood Music Hall, Saturday evening, February 25th.

The Rev. Bro. Bernandine Francis, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Mead, passed away, February 4th, 1933, at Barrytown, N. Y. He is survived by his father and mother and sister, Josephine, a brother, Arnold, all of Buffalo, N. Y. The family attended the funeral service at Barrytown. Bro. Francis had been ill for over a year. He has for many years been a school teacher.

On Wednesday evening, March 15th, the Kicuwa Club will again entertain friends at the Central Y. W. C. A., 19 Mohawk Street. There will be a special programme in honor of the late Prof. Z. Westervelt's birthday, who was the founder of the Rochester School for the Deaf. All former pupils living in and around Buffalo, or any who are interested, are invited to attend. There will be no admission charge.

Send all items for this column to G. Grover, 19 Mohawk Street, Y. W. C. A., Buffalo, N. Y.

G. G.

If you do not know what you want to do, how can you do it?

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Our Sunday afternoon service on February 19th was featured by two interestingly rendered duets. The Eggington Sisters, Misses Edna and Gwendoline, favored the audience with that ever tender hymn, "Jesus More than Life to Me," in a very pleasant way, considering this was their first attempt in this way.

The concluding piece was rendered by Mesdames Norma Gethelf and Dorothy Goulding.

Our Young Peoples Society held a social evening in the gymnasium of our church on Saturday evening February 18th and the jolly little bunch had a merry time all evening.

"Are You Insured in the Heavenly Assurance Co.?" was the theme of a fine address given at our service on February 19th, by Mr. Arthur Hall Jaffray and in his discourse described the everlasting benefits to humanity the good Lord promises to all who will steadfastly hold on to him by faith and service. There is no limit of age, no conditional standing mentally, no inequality in policy, for all are on the same footing in securing the everlasting and glorified benefits.

Sometime ago, Miss Mary Kinsman was threatened with appendicitis, so on the advice of her physician, she went up to her parental home near Swinton Park in hopes of staying off the necessity of an operation. That was before Christmas, and at this writing Mary is still up there, but as she improved so much since, we may see her in our midst again very soon.

In the issue of the Toronto Daily Globe of February 22d, there appeared a photo in group form of a number of veteran land surveyors then in session at their forty-first annual meeting at the Royal York Hotel, and among these veterans appeared our good and well-known friend, Mr. J. P. Walker, brother of our own Mr. Sidney R. Walker, and the late Mr. Charles Walker. Years ago Messrs. J. P. and Charles Walker worked in the old Union Station, now a relic of the past.

On February 22d, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts entertained their cousins, Mrs. Isaac Ward and her eighteen-year-old daughter, Edith, from Stratford; also Miss Mildred Forbes, of Swansea, and Mr. William Edwards, of Brockton, and all had a pleasant time together.

On Saturday morning, February 25th, our genial smiling young friend, Mr. Harry Sloan, of Churchill, motored down to this city and spent several days here with relatives and friends. We were delighted to meet him again.

Our Women's Association staged a "movie" entertainment in the Bridgen-Nasmith Hall of our church on February 25th, and was a fair success in spite of the cold, slushy condition of the weather, following an all-day driving snowstorm that turned to rain towards evening. This getup was in aid of our friends out of work.

A few friends assembled at the home of Miss Lizzie Muckle on Sunday evening, February 26th, to cheer up this popular young lady, following her recent loss, and a pleasant evening was spent, but the motherly smile, hearty handshake and warm greetings of Mrs. Mary Muckle were noticeably absent.

All were pleased to greet Mr. Andrew Bell, who bobbed up from Hamilton into our midst on February 26th and went back the same evening. He is working for the sanatorium on the mountain.

Laconically perusing the solution of the jig-saw puzzle in the kitchen of their home on Lansdowne Ave., on February 23d, and without a thought of anything else, were the Bowen sisters, while at the same time a goodly number of their friends were quietly stealing their way into the parlor, preparing to give these twins a "Jack Rabbit" scare, and be it mentioned, they got it good and plenty when, at a signal from their mother who was aware of the coming event, the jolly crowd suddenly burst in upon the "unawares" with more zest and grace, and bewildered were Esther and Margaret, but they soon calmed down when they realized it was their twentieth birthday. The whole affair was gotten up by Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell, Mrs. Harry Mason and Mrs. Florence Thomas and was a most successful event from beginning to end. Previous to indulging in the many games that enlivened the evening, the guests presented these two estimable young ladies with an address of hearty congratulations and best wishes for the future as well as a beautiful five o'clock China tea set of twenty pieces as a slight token of esteem. The two blushing maidens made suitable replies in thankful strains.

Before adjourning near midnight a bountiful repast was thoroughly enjoyed. Among the guests present were Mr. Tripp and his mother, who live below the Bowen flat and who know our good friend, Mr. John Taylor, very well, as Southampton is their home village as well as Jack's.

Not contented with one party, Miss Edith Ballagh, of Whitby, thought she would duplicate the event, so asked these twins to come down to her home in that town on the following Saturday evening, February 25th, on the pretext of a visit. But not only did they go,

but also, their brother, Roy, Misses Edna and Gwendoline Eggington, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Tate, Mr. and Mrs. George Goulding and Mrs. F. P. Rooney also went and all report having had a very jolly time.

OTTAWA VALLEY OPTIONS

On January 31st, the Ottawa Deaf hockey team journeyed out to Plouffe Park and engaged the Plouffe boys to an exhibition game and came home with the bacon by a score of 8 to 5. For our team, Mr. Archambault pilfered four goals, Mr. Maurice two and Messrs. Luzon and A. J. Hanna one each. It was a good and exciting game.

Mr. Peter McDougall, still exuding his customary Scottish smile, came up for the Grooms' meeting here on February 19th, and met many old friends ere he again departed for Limoges the same evening.

We have formed a new club here, which will be known as the Ottawa Association of the Deaf, and its headquarters will be at Bytown Inn. At present it has about twenty-five members, with Mr. Gerald Huband as president and Mr. Archibald Wright the genial Secretary. Any news items for the JOURNAL regarding this club's activities should be given to Mr. Abraham J. Hanna, 445 Laurier Avenue West, and he'll send them in.

On February 15th, our hockey boys welcomed the Redpath hockeyists to Bingham Square and entertained them to an exhibition game with all its thrills and spills, but our boys proved too strong for them and won by 8 to 5, due to the starry defense of netman Murray Brigham, who stopped no less than forty shots from going through.

Mr. Robert Scisson, late of South March, was recently visiting Mr. and Mrs. Honore Henault. Since the late Mr. David Bayne took final leave of this life, our friend, Bob, is now the "granddad" of the Ottawa deaf and very popular with every one.

Our genial Harold M. Hall of Perth, dropped into this city to spend the week-end with old friends, and incidentally took in our sleighing party that Saturday evening and the Grooms services next day.

On February 16th, Mr. Abraham J. Hanna went out to Plouffe Park to assist Ian Simpson's hockey team play an exhibition game with the lads of that park, and the fun that turned up there was worth the going.

Our old friend, Mr. Angus A. McGillivray has been under the weather for the past two weeks with rheumatic trouble, and at this writing is still in bed, but by the time these items are in print Angus will probably be back to work again. Your sub-correspondent and Paul Sevard called to see him the other day and found Mrs. McGillivray looking after his wants with all the qualifications of a seasoned nurse.

On February 18th, about thirty-five of our deaf friends, including a number of hearing ones, went for a jolly sleigh ride, and what a treat it was.

All went to the home of the Misses Lauretta and Edna Delinelle and their deaf brother, where they awaited the arrival of Mr. Harry E. Grooms, who was speeding Ottawaward from Toronto on the fast "Inter City Limited." Upon his arrival shortly after eight that evening, the whole crowd donned their outer garments and went assemmering out to Rock Cliff Park and other environments, and returning to the Delinelle home, were treated to a swell repast in an impromptu banquet style by the Misses Delinelle and their assistants. All had a merry time, and with the fifty cents per head fee, a nice little sum was raised for the Sports fund of the coming O. A. D. Convention next year.

On February 8th, our hockey team and the Redpath team met on Bingham Square for another league game and after an exciting struggle our lads emerged on the safe side by a score of five to three. It was another great and interesting game.

The previous evening our team gave the Plouffe team a nine to seven lacing on their own ice. Our team is managed by Mr. Charron and at this writing the series stands five victories to two defeats, with about two more yet to be played. The above figures are of our team against all the rest combined.

A very pleasant progressive euchre contest was staged by a goodly number of the deaf on a recent Saturday evening at Bytown Inn, and after all was over it was seen that Mr. Joseph Dubois was still leading the parade by sixty-six points. However, some of the others may take on greater stamina and dislodge Joe from his exalted position ere long.

Mr. A. Lush, of Aylmer, Que., was over here during the week-end of February 18th, and figured in the sleighing social as well as attending the Grooms meetings next day.

Mr. Harry E. Grooms, of Toronto, was a guest of the Ottawa deaf over the week-end of February 18th, and on Sunday conducted a very good service at the Y. M. C. A. in the afternoon and another that evening, both of which were well attended although many could not get in from the countryside owing to the drifted condition of the roads.

Enquiries have emanated from all over the country asking of doings of our old friends, Messrs. Jean Baizana, Harmudas Forget, James Delaney, Henry Hence, Ronald McDonald and other stalwarts of the old bridge. Say boys, wake up and give us a "Song."

OWEN SOUND ORIONS

The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Goety has won two silver medals at the Victoria Street Public School in the past year. She is a very bright and clever scholar of fourteen summers.

Although the Owen Sound Mission to the Deaf is closed at present, it won't be long before Mr. James Green, of Chesley, will be up to open the mission for the coming season.

Miss Jessie Dewar and members of the family were lately down with the "flu," but are gradually on the mend now. Jessie's married sister and her husband are making their home at the Dewars, owing to no work at Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Gerolmay recently underwent a serious operation at the hospital here, but is now doing nicely at her home. She has two deaf sons, one at home and the other is now at the Belleville School for the Deaf.

All the deaf of this city, as far as can be ascertained, are quite well, save for Mrs. Hugh R. Carson, but they have no work as yet, which is the case with thousands here.

Mr. James Green, of Chesley, was chosen referee in two hockey matches in Chesley a short time ago, and gave general satisfaction, for he understands the rules thoroughly and used to play brilliantly in seasons past.

Mrs. Hugh R. Carson continues to remain about the same, yet is ever cheerful. Mrs. G. Goetz is frequently over, giving Mrs. Carson all the help she can.

The other day Mrs. Carson had a nice letter from her old friend, Mrs. Robert Sutton, nee Martha Leigh, late of Brantford, but now of Oakland, California. Mrs. Sutton likes it up in that land beyond the Cascades and has already met some of her old Belleville schoolmates.

ST. JEANS, QUE., NOTES

Mrs. and Mrs. Neil A. McGillivray, of Toronto, Ont., who came down to this city just before Christmas on a visit to the latter's old home, are still sojourning here, but may return to the "Queen City" any of those days.

As there was a cheap excursion from this city to Montreal for the week-end of February 25th, a number from here seized the opportunity and went down to the Canadian Metropolis for a good time and look up old friends.

As February 19th was a lovely day, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McGillivray and the latter's parents went for a long motor trip through the rural districts bordering on the Richelieu River to Stanbridge, Que. It was a delightful trip.

On their way back from a trip down to Verdun, the McGillivrays made a stop-over and gave Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hart, of that place, a "Hello Call."

The William Dicksons and Harry Armstrongs, of St. Helen's Park, are very well and working as usual.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

We are pleased to hear that our beloved friend and former teacher, Miss G. Linn, of Belleville, is keeping on real well, and finds the JOURNAL brings news tidings of her old pupils and friends whom she holds dear to her heart. She does not like to miss a copy for fear it should have reference to some of her old boys and girls.

By the way, Miss Linn was lately favored with a nice visit from Miss Mary Fletcher, who was also connected with our Alma Mater years ago, and who was recently on a visit to Belleville. While they were together they had a pleasant time looking over photos of former pupils and many of their children, of whose photos Miss Linn has a good collection, sent her by her legion of old pupils. Miss Fletcher still cherishes the happy times she had with us in the days of yesterday. She has now gone down to Middlebury, Indiana, to spend the rest of the winter with a niece and where she finds the climate less trying than in Canada.

It is interesting to note that Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. W. Gustin, of London, have been living in the "Forest City" for the past twenty-eight years, having moved from Forest, where they farmed very successfully for many years. Their family connections is very large and includes twenty-five grand children and one great-grandchild. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, now of Long Branch and well known to many of the deaf, have a daughter living in Toronto, where her sister goes to high school. When ever Mr. and Mrs. Gustin go visiting their children in Long Branch, they generally beat it for Toronto to see their many deaf friends, and may run down this spring.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL, enquiries were made as to the whereabouts of our old schoolmate, Mr. Matthew Kavanagh. Now our good friend, Miss Linn, of Belleville informs us that he was up in the northern part of Hastings County and about two miles from Bancroft, living by farming, fishing and trapping until a few years ago when he died at the Bancroft Hospital.

Miss Linn also tells us that Miss M. Jack, who many years ago, was a teacher of articulation at our old Alma Mater, is now living in retired contentment in Belleville and still has a warm heart for her old pupils.

We regret to hear that our friend, Mrs. Jessie Calder, of Regina, Sask., has to undergo an operation in a few weeks, but we trust she comes through all right and will have the help and comfort of her two trained daughters in the nursing profession, the Misses Dorothy and Beatrice Calder.

Our old friend, Mr. Albert Siess, late of Pontiac, Mich., is now sojourning with a brother in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was much grieved to learn of his old friend, Mr. Frank Hardenberg, of Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Brown, of Rochester, Mich., had not heard of the death of their friend, Mr. Frank Hardenberg until after his funeral, but hardly heard of it when they hastened to Pontiac to personally condole with the bereaved family.

Information now comes from Pontiac, Mich., that the funeral of the late Mr. Frank Hardenberg was very largely attended by both deaf and hearing relatives and friends from far and near, all his relatives being in attendance except his sister, Mrs. Swers, of Dayton, Ohio. One of the sorrowing friends at the funeral was one of his old teachers, Miss Crawford of the Flint school, a very estimable old lady, well up in years and widely known and beloved by the deaf of Michigan. She acted very willingly as interpreter for the deaf, while the Rev. Dr. Burt of all Saints Episcopal church in Flint preached the funeral sermon, which referred highly upon the deceased's noble life and with words of comfort and hope for the bereaved ones. The relatives of the late Mr. Hardenberg are deeply grateful to Miss Crawford and others who rendered such good help in their time of trouble and also to others who sent messages of sympathy.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

CHICAGO

Only seven Chicagoans attended the basketball tournament in Jacksonville—the Rev. George F. Flick and wife; Ladislaus Cherry, frat-house clerk, and wife; the Carlson brothers from our Waukegan suburb; and J. Frederick Meagher. This latter again did most of the writing for *Tourney Topics*, the "daily newspaper" issued by the Jacksonville squad and visiting coaches. He is sending an account of the tourney under his own byline, so all we need give here is the order the teams finished: Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Iowa and Kentucky.

A crowd of 200 and \$107 profit rewarded the committee having charge of the Ephpheta Alumni social at the Ephpheta school for the Catholic deaf, under the chairmanship of Miss Leon Hindert, on the 26th, which is more surprising when one considers the success of the dramatic entertainment of the young folks in St. Simon's the night before. Card games whiled away the afternoon; good movies were shown at 7:30.

Commenting on the deaf tourney in Pittsburgh, the *Chicago American* of the 25th joshed: "This is one tourney where one doesn't have to listen to a lot of whistle-blowing."

Mrs. Fannie Meinken is now living with her son in Detroit. Her daughter, Miss Audrey, who conducts a beauty shoppe on the Northwest Side, has been under the weather, and is recuperating in Florida.

Don Herran, who lived here several years ago while the good old Sac was in his heyday, recently returned from Indianapolis and secured a job with the Inland Tire firm. His wife expects to join him here next summer.

With scarcely any advertising of any kind except through the well-calculated distribution of tickets among persons of local importance the attendance at the vaudeville show of February 4th, for the benefit of the Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf approached the size rivaling the memorable "Variety Show" of last May, 1932. The powers behind the stage were Mr. Ernest Craig and Mrs. J. Frederick Meagher.

It was at All Angels' Mission that the affair was put through successfully; the number of people was over 250, and the stage paraphernalia improved over last year. Instead of the old-fashioned curtains rolling up, it was now a pair of dark maroon velvet curtains that parted at the center, ready for performance. The players in the present program were comparatively new; only three or four in that personnel acted last year, the rest taking to their parts with zest.

As a prologue, "The Bed of Roses" was featured; an allegorical attempt at representation of hope, faith and charity. Father Time, played by Harold Libbey, worked on the garden and grew flowers, personified by Irene Vorpahl, Grace Jeffers, Helen Shouts and Evelyn Szuka. In the midst of them, there sprouted an ugly weed, Depression, enacted by Enid Gulbransen, which Father Time furiously rooted, and chased off.

Next, in the program, was the good old stand-by, "The School Days," that called for a little or no plot. It lends itself to a variety of acting. It should have been placed at the last of the order, as a fitting climax, owing to its all-round interest. Arthur Shawl made a good tallish placid but distant schoolmate. An ingratiating mollycoddle student (Ralph Miller), a grimacing colored lad (Herman Bain), and a spoiled daughter of wealth, attired in extremely short frock, all fringed with laces, (Mrs. Arthur Shawl), made a concert that kept the audience laughing throughout. The cast was supported by Mrs. Ralph Miller, Irene Crofton, W. Kudsk (a slouching black-spectacled principal), Mrs. J. F. Meagher (an extremely particular rich mother of the spoiled child), and Bill Cranshaw.

Mae Latermonille made a distinct debut with the deaf with a professional display of toe dancing. So did Anna Faltumew with that dashing tempo of Russian step. The latter dancer had two years' course in a dancing school, but because of depression and of the fact that the deaf were rarely taken on the stage of the hearing world, she discontinued. Nevertheless, she has imbibed sufficiently to retain the youthful sweep and grace of charm.

The other play, "The Jewelry Store," was a plain detective piece, that could have been made more realistically true if the players had equipped themselves with a few simple articles—chiefly, a star, a pocket-book, a handbag, a check-book, an assortment of paste jewelry, and a couple of guns. Without them, they had to resort to the sign-language which was, of course, unconvincing. It might be suspected in extenuation that the piece was done without any rehearsal or with such a little time they had that it was extempore. Yet, it was carried smoothly to the end. The players were Sam Mayer, Wolf Bragg and Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Davis. Andy and Mandy, impersonated by Arthur Shawl and Virginia Dries, respectively, made a devastating hit with the optience. The dialogue between them was a confidential gossip spoken (or signed) aloud, humorous with innuendoes directed at the leading lights of deaddom. The victims took their shafts with laughing good-nature. This pair played this part with the aid of easy-going professionalism that did them a great credit as they absolutely had no rehearsal, except to give each other the list of victims to be discussed together on the stage extemporaneously.

It is believed that for the most consistent characterization from start to last, Ralph Miller has the first honors. Herman Bain and Mrs. Shawl should come next. For wit and comeback, Arthur Shawl and Virginia Dries easily are the most popular. The rest of the players are to be congratulated for making the repetition of vaudeville shows possible in future.

Mr. and Mrs. Kraft were tendered a twentieth anniversary party at their home, Wednesday, March 1st, by J. Millers, Libbys and Blairs. William Evison, as before, officiated at the mock wedding.

Mrs. Horace Perry and Miss Rhea Friedman departed, as guests of Florence Baker, to California, March 3d. The length of their stay will be indefinite.

Richard Tracy, an inmate at the Home for Aged Deaf, died Sunday morning, February 26th, after suffering with two months' illness. He was buried at Forest Home Cemetery, Tuesday, February 28th. More details in next issue.

There was a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Gaddis, Sunday evening, February 26th, on the occasion of their twelfth wedding anniversary. The invited guests passed a social evening in games and conversation.

Miss Willie Nicholson, hailing from Texas, is working at the home of John O'Brien. She was a visitor at the M. E. Mission, Sunday, February 26th. There will be three coming events at Pas-a-Pas Hall in the evening as follows: "500" and bunco, March 11th; silent movie, March 18th; and "500" and bunco, March 25th.

Misses Catherine Volk and Mary Cvitkovich, of Indiana Harbor, were recent visitors.

Mrs. Charles Kemp gave a luncheon and "Chinese rummy" to some friends on the 25th.

The Robert Blairs entertained the Southside bridge club.

The Charles Krafts were given a fifteenth wedding anniversary party by their friends recently.

A dozen friends gave a party to Mrs. Dave Eckstrom on the 24th. Gerald O'Connor, of Highwood, Ill., was a visitor at the Catholic deaf club house, Sunday, February 26th.

Miss Mary Vanorica has been engaged to Palmine Cologrossi.

THIRD FLAT.

3348 W. Harrison St.

Two Requests to the New England Home

By the will of the late Mrs. M. E. Merritt, of 33 Stanton Road, Brookline, the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes is one of many philanthropies remembered. The sum of one hundred dollars is left the Home. Mrs. Merritt and her daughter, Miss E. R. Merritt, had long been joint contributors to the Home.

The treasurer has been notified by the executor that under the will of Mrs. Susan M. P. Hodgdon, late of Chelsea, the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes is one of four societies named as legatees of the residuary estate. Mrs. Hodgdon had been an annual contributor to the Home for several years.—*New England Spokesman*.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

According to additional information received by the writer, the Frat Frolic, held on February 18th last, exceeded the expectations of all interested friends to whom, therefore, the news was a welcome surprise. As in past years, it was thought that the long continued depression might have anything but a salutary effect upon its outcome. But, happily, it proved a lucky year, with Chairman Joseph V. Donohue directing it in a business-like way and supported by such energetic assistants as William Walker, Robert Young, Nathan Schwartz, Israel Steer, James Meenan, Finis Reneau, E. I. Evans and F. O'Donnell. Donations were made as follows:—

Elmer Mock, \$10; Mr. Solov, \$5; Mr. Santangini, \$2.50; Mr. Warnock, \$1.50; Mr. Waldman, \$1.

The judges of costumes and awards of prizes were as follows: John A. Roach, chairman; C. Stewart McCormick, of Allentown; Abraham Barr, of New York City; and Miss Alice Judge, of New York City; they awarded three prizes to ladies as follows: First to Mrs. I. Stern, \$5, for Traffic costume; second to Mrs. McCracker, \$2.50, as a Flower Girl; and third to Mrs. Meenan, \$1, as Pirate; and to Gentlemen: First to J. Brodsky, \$5, as Frankenstein; second to A. Cohen, as Cannibal; and third to H. Poulton, as Hobo. Miss E. Lalesky, of South Bethlehem, Pa., assisted in distributing the awards.

The Committee is thankful to all who contributed to the success of the frolic in any way. We understand that the proceeds will be applied to the relief of unemployed Frats, of whom there are quite a few here.

At the next meeting of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, on the first Friday evening in April, that is the 7th, the Frats' mascot will pay his annual visit to the Division to make his acquaintance with newly acquired novices who have not yet learned of his mysterious existence. His visit is always attended with unusually hilarity and members should not fail to miss the event.

The Rev. Mr. Almo left Philadelphia last Wednesday, March 1st, for other parts, but he is likely to return here at the end of this week.

Ash-Wednesday, March 1st, was observed here by a devotional service in All Souls' Church for the Deaf at ten o'clock A.M. Such a morning service was not tried here for some time, but Rev. Mr. Pulver decided to try it, because it seemed more proper to him to begin Lent with a service early in the day. His own expectations were exceeded by an attendance of twenty-one persons. It was an excellent service and his address, as he called it, was a very good one—a sermon in itself. And the next day (on Thursday) there was another Lenten service in the evening, when Rev. Mr. Pulver preached a regular sermon. He has already found out that the people of All Souls' Church can and do appreciate a good sermon.

After the service in the church, Rev. Mr. Pulver's time was again in demand to give Current Events before the Cleric Literary Association. And every one present enjoyed the delivery as much as those previously handed out, if not more so. His next appearance before the Association in the same capacity will be on April 6th.

After Rev. Mr. Pulver's service at All Souls' Church on Ash-Wednesday, he conducted a service of Holy Communion at the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Torresdale at 1:30 P.M., another service at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, at Trenton, and the last service at Trinity Church for the adult deaf of that city. Thus ended one of his busiest days. It would seem that he deserved praise for completing his round of the day so auspiciously; however, when he returned to his automobile for the homeward stretch he found a notice attached to it summoning him to appear at a certain police station to answer for parking his car without showing a light. That is New Jersey law, which Mr. Pulver had yet to learn; but his Pennsylvania license softened the judge's heart and thus his fine was remitted to him.

Mrs. Ada J. McKehan, of Carlisle, Pa., came to Philadelphia last Thursday, March 2d, to visit her brother-in-law, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, in Merchantville, N. J. We do not know yet how long she may remain here. Most of the deaf hereabouts know of the coming reception to the Rev. Guilbert C. Braddock and Choir of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf of New York City next Saturday evening, March 11th, so we hardly need to remind them. But it is also proposed to allot some time to entertainment for the benefit of Rev. George Almo's mission work for the deaf in Sweden, by asking a small admission price for the purpose. Give as ye have received, may be homely advice here, but it may be well worth doing while we have the opportunity.

Among the visitors to the rooms of the Cleric Literary Association last Thursday evening, March 2d, were Mr. and Mrs. Floyd DeWitt, of Rochester, N. Y.

The Social Committee of Beth Israel Association of the Deaf, 32d and Montgomery Avenue, will present Crowl, the magician, with a bag of

tricks on Saturday evening, March 25th, at 8:30 o'clock, at the Beth Israel Temple. Admission will be 25 cents, children 15 cents. The proceeds will be devoted to assist the unemployed deaf.

Hugh Cusack is to be congratulated because his wife presented him with a girl baby on February 27th. So be it!

Mr. Alex. S. McGhee is leading the Bible School at All Souls' Church this month. He is an able and earnest student. Mr. Charles Partington performed the same service during February.

OHIO

According to the *British Deaf Times*, the adult deaf of Norway rebelled against the pure oral work in their schools and have succeeded in having finger spelling and signs allowed. A leading deaf man has been appointed to supervise the teaching of finger spelling to the teachers and to see that they all get a knowledge of the sign-language. If this is all true the Norwegian deaf are to be congratulated.

So far the Alumni Legislative Committee has met with much success in their work, in behalf of deaf automobile drivers. Messrs. Jacobson, Smeilau and Zorn, with Superintendent Abernathy, have been before the Senate Committee on Highways, have consulted lawyers, interviewed Senators and have enlightened many as to the capabilities of the deaf. In their work they have been greatly assisted by Mr. Chalmers Parker, a Columbus lawyer, whose sister has long been a member of our school faculty. Mr. Parker has always taken much interest in the deaf.

Mr. Zell, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mather, report having had a fine time down in Cincinnati last week. Miss Elizabeth Moss, of the Indiana school, joined them in Cincinnati and all visited places of interest. Perhaps the Taft Museum and the Gallery of Fine Arts attracted them most.

Saturday evening they attended the entertainment given by the League of Hard of Hearing, for the benefit of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Wm. Hoy had charge of the card games and the league members gave a shadow pantomime. The church to which the Methodists have fallen heir is over one hundred years old, and Miss Ethel Pollard's father was pastor of the church for twenty-four years. The visitors enjoyed a visit at the Hoy home. They met many deaf folks and all appeared cheerful and happy, in spite of the depression. They all speak highly of the way the Cincinnati deaf treat visitors.

The Akron Society of the Deaf and the Akron Frats are preparing an entertainment, for some time this month, to raise funds for the laundry equipment now much needed at the Ohio Home.

Miss Bessie MacGregor, as chairman of the ladies' board of visitors to the Home, called a meeting of the members Saturday, February 25th. All the members were present and talked over plans for this year. It was decided to continue the birthday parties for the residents. Those present were Mrs. Winemiller, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Wark, Mrs. H. Cook, Mrs. C. Huffman, Miss MacGregor and Miss Edgar.

At the recent social given by the Columbus Advance Society, prizes were given with tickets, and Mr. A. B. Greener was one of the winners. Of course, he was all smiles and anticipated getting a whole ham or good piece of bacon, but when the prize was handed him he found it to be a small girl's dress, and we have not heard how he disposed of it, but for some good reason we know. The incident caused much amusement.

People living in and near Akron will on March 21st be treated to witness the trial flight of the Macon, the navy's new dirigible. This is much larger than the Akron and will be stationed on the western coast. A former Columbus boy is to be the commander of the Macon.

Through the *Ohioan*, a magazine published for and by State workers, we learned that Mr. John A. Lynn, is the oldest employee of the State in years of service. He has been employed in the State bindery for fifty-eight years and, although now eighty-one years old, is always prompt and faithful. Mr. Lynn was educated at the Ohio school, and as the State bindery was then on the school grounds, he worked as an apprentice for four years before receiving any pay for his work. Mr. Lynn is a strong advocate for a State employee's pension and if all are as faithful as he, they surely deserve a pension. Another bindery employee, a Miss Boswell, has been working for the State for fifty-six years.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ohlemacher are rejoicing over the arrival of a grandson, who was born February 18th, to their second daughter, Mrs. Cox.

Silent Rattan, the Texas deaf wrestler, appeared in Columbus again February 28th. This time he met the so-called world champion welterweight McCann. In the match the *Dispatch* sport writer said that the latter didn't live up to his title and that Rattan was by far the better man and had his opponent well outwitted till a collision of craniums dazed both wrestlers and McCann came to his senses first. "The Columbus papers have all spoken highly of the 'Houston mute' and call him a fine clean wrestler."

E.

National Association of the Deaf Convention.

BULLETIN NO. 6

The work of preparing for the Seventeenth Triennial Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, to be held the week of July 24 to 29th, in the City of New York, slowly acquiring momentum the past few months, mounted the scale from an undertone to a crescendo of activity during the month of February, with four affairs being held for the benefit of the Convention Fund. All the returns are not in yet, but with two affairs still to be held as this is written, there is no doubt but that the fund will be considerably augmented.

The Local Committee is meeting every other week at the Hotel Pennsylvania—convention headquarters. The activities of convention week are gradually taking place as they pass through the crucible fired by the zeal impelling the committee members, who realize the limitations imposed by the times, but who, nevertheless, are determined to leave nothing undone for the successful culmination of the task they were chosen to perform.

All the committee hopes for is that as many of the deaf as can afford to, will come to New York. And, truly it comes no difference how much money you have once you get here. Rich man and poor alike will find New York the ideal convention city. It all depends on how much you care to spend. Later bulletins will explain ways and means for conserving one's resources—minimum of expenditure with maximum enjoyment.

If you can manage to save carfare enough to get here—which is the main problem—the committee guarantees your expenses while here will be no more, if as much, as it would cost you to stay at home. After all, a trip to New York City is an event in itself—some people dream all their lives of making it—and being here for one solid week is reward enough for your pains and trouble scraping together the fare, not to mention the added pleasure of witnessing and partaking the deliberations of the N. A. D., which we are assured will be not without profit in enhancing the welfare of the deaf.

The visitors, after checking in at the Pennsylvania, or if they prefer, at one of the numerous hotels in the vicinity, are now ready for first sight-seeing tour of the city. Under the leadership of capable guides, they will, we are sure, wish to see the lower end of the city first, which is only natural since the city started at the southern tip of the island. Thither we will go by subway, fare five cents.

A private elevator in the Penn Hotel lobby lowers one to subway level and in ten minutes we are at Bowling Green, where we emerge. Hard by the subway kiosk is the New York Custom House, standing on the exact spot occupied by the fort erected by the Dutch. In front of the Custom House are five groups of granite statuary, symbolical of the five continents of the globe, the work of Daniel Chester French, known to the deaf as the creator of the Gallaudet statue on the campus of the college he founded.

Bowling Green, so called by the early Dutch who used to forage there for a quiet game of bowls, has been changed not at all from its early colonial aspect. It is fenced off, the fence being the identical one that enclosed the statue of King George III, a leaden equestrian affair, which the colonists pulled down during the Revolution and melted into bullets. The spikes of the fence were once surmounted by crowns which were snapped off by the irate colonists, as an inspection will show.

Abutting on the Green is Battery Park, one of the pleasantest spots in the city. It derives its name from the fact that in the early days guns were mounted facing the harbor. Battery Park is the ideal poor man's playground. There the sea breezes, sweeping in through the Narrows, fan the brow of the city toiler as he strolls along the sea wall and watches the ever-changing panorama of the harbor. The Hudson (called the North River below Spuyten Duyvil Creek at the northernmost tip of the island) and the East River are confluent here. Great liners putting out to sea, coastwise vessels of every type, busy little tugs industriously puffing as they maneuver clumsy barges against the surge and pull of the tides, rotund ferries and gay excursion boats, furnish a free show of unending diversity—a symphony of movement.

From the sea wall one takes the little steamer plying back and forth between Bedloe's Island and the Battery. On Bedloe's is Bartholdi's famous Statue of Liberty, the gift of France to the United States. Bedloe's is a military reservation. The fare is 25 cents and entitles one to the privilege of entering the Statue and ascending to the lady's brow, where one may rest and view the harbor below. The uplifted right arm of the statue was formerly open to the public, but was closed as a precaution against undue strain, since hundreds visit the statue every day.

Also in Battery Park is the Aquarium, where one may view every specimen of fish amenable to the climate and the rigors of captivity.

The Aquarium has had a varied history. Originally a fort, situated 150 feet from shore and connected with the island by a bridge, it was acquired in 1850 by the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, renamed Castle Garden, and was the scene of the initial triumph of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale." It was later used by the United States Government as an immigration station until Ellis Island became the principal gateway to the New World.

While we are in Battery Park, let us have a view of the famous skyline of New York, such as is obtained by travelers from the Old World, whose first glimpse of the tall towers of Manhattan is from the decks of the Atlantic ferry. It will not be necessary to go to Europe first in order to come back up the Narrows. We will, instead, take the ferry to St. George, Staten Island, for a half-hour's sail, which will take us down the harbor, past Governors Island, the Statue of Liberty, long lines of vessels at anchor in the Lower Bay, and just before we reach St. George, a view of Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth, guarding the upper reaches of the Narrows.

We have to embark at St. George, pay another five-cent fare, and on the return trip we will enjoy all the sensations of immigrants coming to the promised land. It is then that we review the grand march of the towers of Manhattan from the Battery to the Acropolis of the allied doctors of physic, the Medical Center on Washington Heights—ten miles of man-made cliffs of steel and stone—and the pageant of the harbor at the cost of twenty cents of your money and an hour of your time. This trip is specially recommended.

Returning to Bowling Green, we will spend a few minutes contemplating the vista of the canyon formed by the skyscrapers lining Broadway the scene of numerous parades through blizzards of torn paper and ticker tape, which have become the typical welcome New York extends to returning heroes and heroines of daring, of sport, war and statesmanship.

From Bowling Green, we detour through Beaver to Broad to Wall Street. On the four corners formed by the intersection of Broad and Wall Street are the New York Stock Exchange, the United States Sub-Treasury (site of Federal Hall where Washington took the oath of office as President of the United States, the Equitable Trust Company skyscraper and the home of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Wall Street derives its name from the fact it was once the northern boundary of the town and had a palisade running across the island as a protection from attack by Indians and hostile New Englanders.

Looking west along Wall Street the graceful spire of Trinity Church rises dimly in the gloom caused by the skyscrapers which entirely surround it. In the churchyard of Trinity are buried many Americans of lasting fame, including Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton, Gen. Phil Kearny, Capt. James Lawrence, naval hero of the War of 1812 who commanded the U. S. Frigate Chesapeake in its engagement with the English man-of-war, Shannon, and whose dying exhortation, "Don't give up the ship," is inscribed on the cenotaph over the grave which contains the remains of his wife (he was buried at sea).

Trinity churchyard also contains the bones of thousands of patriot soldiers who died in the prison dens of the city during the Revolution. They were buried in trenches north of the church, 20 feet below the present surface, and successive fillings of the ground have become full of human remains.

Trinity Parish is the richest in the world, with a yearly income in excess of three million dollars, which is expended in charitable and educational work. It has under its jurisdiction some 12 or 13 of the most beautiful and commodious churches in the city which are known as chapels of Trinity Parish. We will come to these later in our tour.

William Vesey and Henry Barclay, first and second rectors of Trinity, which was built in 1698, have had the two streets north of St. Paul's Chapel named after them.

At the corner of Vesey Street and Broadway is the remaining half of the famous Astor House, the forerunner of the magnificent hosteries of today. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg bridge on South 9th Street between Driggs Avenue and Roebling Street. Marcy Avenue is the nearest station on the Broadway Elevated.

Sunday School for the Deaf and instruction for adults in St. Matthew's Lutheran Parish House, at 145th and Convent Avenue, New York City, from 6:30 to 8 p.m. The rooms are located on the third floor of the

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor
192 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Services for the deaf in sign-language every Sunday afternoon in the church, 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 p.m. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg bridge on South 9th Street between Driggs Avenue and Roebling Street. Marcy Avenue is the nearest station on the Broadway Elevated.

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Old-Time Schoolbooks

Old-Time schoolbooks were likely to be painfully solemn and didactic; levity was abhorrent to their conscientious compilers. But in our day they afford amusing reading.

Lindley Murray, a grave and heavy-minded Quaker, was averse not only to laughter but to smiles; in a footnote to the once-famous Lindley Murray's English Reader he carefully apologized for a brief passage that he feared was too playfully expressed. But no one who read the passage and the footnote could ever discover the playfulness! Modern readers, however, can discover a good many passages that are the cause of mirth, however unimprudently they were intended. He desired to be impressive in his account of Niagara Falls; he gave its height and pronounced a eulogy upon its grandeur; and then he provided a complete anti-climax by adding, "It is said that the Indians have sometimes passed down it in their canoes in safety."

Some little time ago a reminiscent writer in the New York World declared that the Webster Spelling Book and the Webster Reader had doubtless had the longest history of any schoolbooks in the United States—one covering at least three full generations.

Safety First Armet

A simple device has been put on the market, consisting of an Elastic Armet with red reflector at the back and a yellow one in the front to be worn by pedestrians to prevent them being run down in the dark on country roads. It is easily carried in the pocket or in a ladies' handbag when not in use.

Although the inventor probably had no idea in his mind of helping the deaf, it has been suggested that this device would be of especial benefit to them if they frequent quiet roads in the suburbs of our towns, which are not always well lighted, or if they live in the country. —Deaf Quarterly (England).

Basketball and Dance

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PARI PASSU CLUB

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FAVORITE MUSIC

Saturday, April 1, 1933

Tickets, - - - 50 Cents

(Including tax and wardrobe)

Directions.—Take a Bergen Ave. Bus directly to the Palace from Journal Square Station of the H. & M. Tubes.

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FANWOOD SCHOOL

163d Street and Riverside Drive, New York City

Saturday, May 13, 1933

Eight o'clock P.M.

FANWOOD SCHOOL

163d Street and Riverside Drive, New York City

Admission, - - - 35 cents

Cash Prizes to Winners of Games

There will be other games for those who do not play cards.

REFRESHMENTS ON SALE

New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

Plan to Retire at Age 55, 60 or 65

Absolutely safe investment. No higher rate to the deaf.

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COME ONE, COME ALL!

CASH PRIZES FOR COSTUMES

FOURTH ANNUAL MASQUERADE BALL

Under the auspices of the

Paterson Silent Social Club

to be held at

ST. BONIFACE HALL

Main and Slater Streets

PATERSON, N. J.

Saturday Evening, April 29, 1933

At eight o'clock

MUSIC BY JOHN LESKOWITS AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Admission, (including Tax) 55 Cents

COMMITTEE—John Grant, Chairman; Harry L. Redman, Robert Bennett, John Newcomer, William Battersby and Henry Nightingale.

Directions.—From New York, take the Hudson River car at Fort Lee and get off at Broadway and Main Street. Walk up on Main Street to the Hall, or take Erie Railroad and get off at Paterson, walk on Market Street to Main Street, turn left to the Hall. Or take the bus, No. 82, at Amsterdam Avenue and 180th Street, get off at Market and Main Streets, walk up Main Street to the Hall.

NO PLACE TO GO? SEE THIS AD

CARD PARTY

FOR

CASH PRIZES

To Winners of Highest Points

ARRANGED BY

Manhattan Division, No. 87

Saturday Eve, May 6, 1933

St. Ann's Church, 511 W. 148 St.

Admission - - 35 Cents

COME AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!

Balloon Fete

under auspices of the

Men's Club of St. Ann's Church

at

ST. ANN'S GUILD HALL

511 West 148th Street

New York City

Saturday, April 29, 1933

at 8:30 P.M.

DANCING! PRIZES!

REFRESHMENTS!

Admission, 35 Cents

For Benefit St. Ann's Relief Fund

An Evening of Delight for Young and Old!

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Beginning at ages 50, 55, 60, 65

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Deaf-Mutes' Union League

143 West 125th Street

New York City

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ENTERTAINMENTS

March 11-12.....Movies

April 8-9.....Movies

April 22.....Barn Dance

May 13-14.....Movies

May 20.....Little Coney Island

June 10.....Strawberry Festival

September 23.....Mardi Gras

October 7-8.....Movies

October 28.....Hallowe'en Party

November 11-12.....Movies

November 29.....Thanksgiving Carnival

December 9-10.....Movies

January 13-14, 1934.....Movies

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round

regular meetings on Third Thursdays

of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors

coming from a distance of over twenty-

five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller,

President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary

143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Wood-

ward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meet-

ing on second Friday of each month

Visitors always welcome.

Dancing Contest \$50 in Cash Prizes

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL

DANCE & FROLIC

Under the Auspices of

Brooklyn Division No. 23

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

To Be Held At

Arcadia Ball Room

Halsey Street, near Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sat. Eve., March 18, 1933

Admission, (Including Tax) **\$1.00**

MUSIC

FREE Novelties Given Away FREE

FIFTH ANNUAL

CHARITY & ENTERTAINMENT BALL

Under auspices of the

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

To be held at the

Hebrew Educational Society Building

Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, March 25th, 1933

MUSIC UNSURPASSED

Admission, - - - 50 Cents

COMMITTEE—Bennie Abrams, Chairman; Charles H. Klein, Vice-Chairman; William Starr, Abraham Eisenberg, Mrs. H. Koplowitz, Chairlady; Miss C. Epstein, Miss G. Hertzinger.

Directions.—Take 7th Ave., New Lots Ave. or Lexington Ave. Subway to Utica Ave., then take Pitkin Ave. bus to Hopkinson Ave., walk one block. From Cropsey Ave. and Bay Parkway, take King's Highway bus to Flatbush Ave., change bus Pitkin Ave. to Sutter Ave., walk four blocks.

NEW YORK CITY CONVENTION 1933

DANCE ON TOP OF A FAMED SKYSCRAPER

ROOF GARDEN BALL

Hotel Pennsylvania

7th Avenue and 32d Street

Sunday Eve., April 30, 1933

8 o'clock P.M.

MUSIC BY FRANKIE GROSSMAN AND HIS NEW YORKERS

Admission, (Including Tax) - - - 75 Cents

At Door, \$1.00

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Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening

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ADMISSION, - - - 10 cents

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